Sweet *Iesu* saue my soule, forgiue my rash attempt,
Comfort my mother, shield her from despaire,
When she shall heare my tragycke ouerthrow.
My heart controls the office of my tongue,
My vitall powers forsake my brused truncke,
I die, I die, heauen take my fleeting soule,
And Lady mother all good hap to thee. *He dies.*

*Enter Pembrooke, Salisburie, Essex.*

*Essex.* My Lords of *Pembrooke* and of *Salisbury*,
We must be carefull in our policy,
To vndermine the keepers of this place,
Else shall we neuer finde the Princes graue.
*Pemb.* My Lord of *Essex*, take no care for that,
I warrant you it was not closely done.
But who is this? loe Lords the withered flowre,
Who in his life shin'd like the mornings blush;
Cast out a doore, deni'd his buriall right,
A prey for birds and beasts to gorge vpon.
*Salisb.* O ruthfull spectacle! O damned deed!
My sinewes shake, my very heart doth bleed.
*Essex.* Leaue childish teares braue Lords of England,
If water-floods could fetch his life againe,
My eyes should conduit forth a sea of teares.
If sobs would helpe, or sorrowes serue the turne,
My heart should volley out deepe piercing plaints.
But bootlesse were't to breath as many sighes
As might ecclipse the brightest Sommers Sunne,
Here rests the helpe, a seruice to his Ghost.
Let not the tyrant causer of this dole,
Liue to triumph in ruthfull massacres,
Giue hand and heart, and Englishmen to armes,
Tis Gods decree to wreake vs of these harmes.
*Pemb.* The best aduise: but who comes posting here?

*Enter*



*Enter* Hubert.

Right noble Lords, I speake vnto you al
The King entreats your soonest speed
To visit him, who on your present want,
Did ban and curse his birth, himselfe an
For executing of his strict command.
I saw his passion, and at fittest time,
Assur'd him of his cousins being safe,
Whom pitty would not let me doe to de
He craues your company my Lord in ha
To whom I will conduct young *Arthur*
Who is in health vnder my custody.
*Essex.* In health base villaine, wer
To Gods reuenge, to whom reuenge bel
Here should'st thou perish on my rapier
Call'st thou this health? such health bet
And all that are of thy condition.
*Hub.* My Lords, but heare me speak
If here I left not this young Prince aliue,
Maugre the hasty Edict of the King,
Who gaue me charge to put out both hi
That God that gaue me liuing to this ho
Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place:
And as I tendred him with earnest loue,
So God loue me, and then I shall be well.
*Sal.* Hence traitor hence, thy counsell is
Some in this place appointed by the King
Haue throwne him from this lodging he
And sure the murther hath beene newly d
For yet the body is not fully cold.
*Essex.* How say you Lords shall we wi
Vnder our hands a packet into France,
To bid the Dolpin enter with his force,
To claime the kingdome for his proper r
His title maketh lawfull strength thereto
Besides, the Pope, on perill of his curse,



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King John* (STC 14647) LONDON, 1622 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3731)